

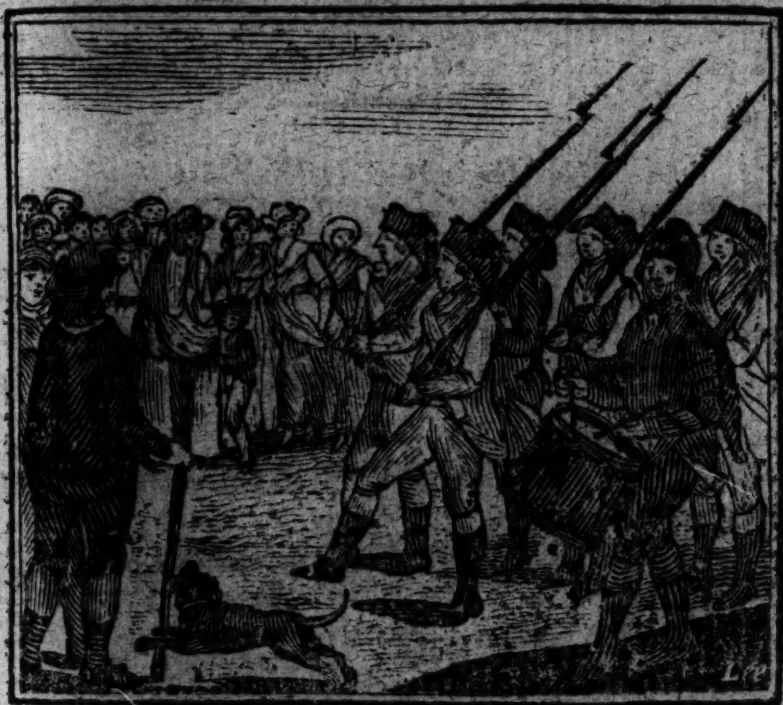
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CHEAP REPOSITORY. 132.

THE *My Mr. H. More*
GOOD MILITIA MAN;

OR, THE
MAN that is worth a Host,

BEING A NEW SONG

By HONEST DAN the Plough-boy turned Soldier.



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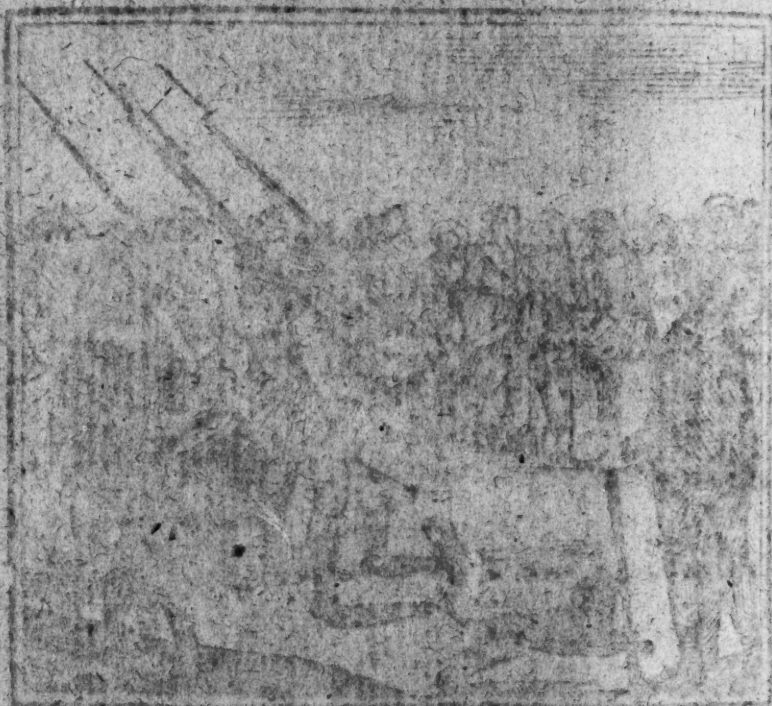
[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

CHAP. RESOLUTION

GOOD-MILLIA

MAN THAT IS WORTH A HORSE

BY HONORABLE JAMES M. SMITH



and by J. M. Smith
PUBLISHED BY J. M. SMITH
AT THE PRESS OF J. M. SMITH
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK
1850

GO

GO

I w

My

But a

I've

So on

Awa

I daily

To

THE
GOOD MILITIA MAN, &c.

I.

I WAS a Plough-boy tall Sir;

My name was honest Dan;

But at my country's call, Sir,

I've turn'd Militia Man.

II.

So on our little green, Sir,

Away from all the mire,

I daily now am seen, Sir,

To cock, present, and fire.

III. In

III

In Regimentals bright, Sir,

Of Scarlet I do shine,

With hair tied up so tight, Sir,

And whiten'd all so fine.

IV

Of Maidens not a few, Sir,

Come crouding round the green;

And so do Parents too, Sir,

The Children push between.

V

There like a Soldier prime, Sir,

I march both quick and flow;

I stamp my foot in time, Sir,

And then kick up my toe.

VI. Mean

VI.

Mean while, with sound so grand, Sir,

They beat the Rum—drum—drum;

Till all our valiant Band, Sir,

Do wish the French would come.

VII.

But stop—methinks 'tis wrong, Sir,

To talk this swelling stuff;

For no true Soldier's song, Sir

Should deal in empty puff.

VIII.

I'll give you then a piece, Sir

(Oh now you'll like my plan)

Of sound and good advice, Sir

For each Militia Man.

IX. First

IX.

First then, be found at heart, Sir,

Be loyal, says my Song;

And nobly act your part, Sir

To right your Country's wrong.

X.

Yet let no Soldier hold, Sir,

He merely need be stout,

And blunt and brave and bold, Sir,

And mad to fight it out;

XI.

Your Soldier of true stamp, Sir,

Is not like brutish (Cattle)

And he'll be good in camp, Sir,

As well as good in battle.

XII. Unlike

XII.

Unlike the loofer herd, Sir

Each vice he'll try to crush;

Nor will he speak a word, Sir

To make a Maiden blush.

XIII.

Nor will he shew his spunk, Sir,

By turning jolly fellow;

He never will be drunk, Sir,

No, no—nor yet be mellow,

XIV.

He counts it quite a shame, Sir

To hear a Soldier swear;

'Tis what King George would blame, Sir,

No doubt if he was there.

XV. Nor

((8))

XV.

Nor does he laugh and grin, Sir.

At these as petty things;

Your swearing is a sin, Sir

Against the King of Kings.

XVI.

For be it understood, Sir

He says with honest Dan,

"The Soldier can't be good, Sir

While wicked is the Man.

XVII.

Now should some saucy Tongue, Sir,

Here stop me for a Toast,

I'll give the Man I've sung, Sir,

"The Man that's worth a host."

T H E E N D .



